

Our Dumb Animals!

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 19.

Boston, September, 1886.

No. 4.

A Horse's Petition to His Driver.

G OING up hill, whip me not,
Coming down hill, hurry me not,
On level road, o'erdrive me not,
Loose in stable, forget me not;

Of hay and corn, rob me not,
Of clean water, stint me not,
With sponge and brush, neglect me not,
Of soft dry bed, deprive me not;

Tired or hot, wash me not,
If sick or old, chill me not,
With bit or reins, oh, jerk me not,
And when you are angry, strike me not.

OVERCROWDED HORSE-CARS.

In response to the oft repeated question as to how many passengers a street-car may legally carry, we answer:

Massachusetts has no statute regarding it. Our Society has made several attempts to secure needed legislation, all of which have failed, for this reason, that while all humane persons would welcome such a law, the masses are in too great haste to be transported to want it.

The last attempt was made in 1881. It resulted in the reference of the following resolution to the Railroad Commissioners, upon which they reported the next year as follows:—

Resolved, That the Board of Railroad Commissioners report to the next General Court as to the advisability of legislation limiting the number of passengers to be carried at one time upon street railway cars.

Approved April 6, 1881.

The objects of the law contemplated by the foregoing resolve are, (1) to prevent suffering to horses employed on street railways; (2) to promote the comfort of passengers by preventing the overcrowding of cars; (3) to save the railway companies from loss by injury to both horses and cars. And all the parties who appeared were agreed, that, if it were practicable, it was desirable to check the overloading of horse-cars. A precedent for a law accomplishing this end was sought by the petitioners and by the Board, but without success. The method adopted at Paris, and elsewhere in Europe, would not satisfy our people. There, persons desiring to ride go to a station, and there receive numbered tickets, and take their places in the order of their numbers, until the car is full. Such an expedient could not be thought of here.

The provisions of the Act suggested, first, that twenty passengers to each horse shall constitute a load in box-cars, and twenty-five, in open cars; second, that street railway companies shall be required to display a sign stating that the car is full, with a penalty if this is not done; third, that any person entering a car while such sign is displayed shall be liable to a fine.

There are serious practical difficulties which would attend the enforcement of such a law. Cases of exigency arise, when it is right and necessary that cars should be overloaded, and horses overworked. In case of a sudden shower on a pleasant day, it will hardly be denied that the right of persons exposed, and especially of infirm persons and invalids, is superior to that of the horses which would suffer from the excessive load. Human life and health are to be protected, even at the expense of the lives of the animals. As passengers at such times submit to the inconvenience of overcrowding, so the draught-animals must submit to greater inconvenience.

To some extent this is true when the bad weather is not sudden but continuous. There are roads that cannot keep on hand a sufficient number of cars to accomodate the public in rainy weather without crowding. Still more important is the fact that the tracks of some of our railways would not accommodate a sufficient number of cars to convey, without crowding, all who wish to travel in cars in wet weather. The blocking of cars, which is now so annoying, would be greatly aggravated by any considerable increase of the number of cars upon the main routes in Boston. To prevent this, the comfort of the horses must give way to the necessities of the people.

Another practical difficulty would arise in executing the law, and would make it unjust to enact a compulsory statute. Most cases of crowding cars arise at times and places where large numbers of people take the cars at once, as at the close of theatrical performances. In such cases it is almost impossible to decide the precise moment when each individual tried to enter, or the precise order in which several tried to enter. Annoying suits would follow such questions. Where the party's rights depended upon the lapse of seconds, he would often be able to present an apparent case of wrong; and in such cases the indirect damages are often out of all proportion to the direct. It would be a hardship to compel the railway companies to enforce such a law at such a hazard; and, if they are not compelled to enforce it, the mere display of a flag will secure no relief, and do no good.

The utmost that the Board can recommend, is to permit the companies to display a flag when the car is full, with a penalty upon any one entering a car while it is displayed. This would leave much to the judgment of the managers, and to the discretion of the conductors. It would avail in clear cases and in extreme cases; but it would not end all the evil that now exists.

It is gratifying, however, to know that the horses employed on street railways suffer much less than is generally supposed from the overcrowding of cars. Testimony in regard to the age and condition of horses on three railways shows that they are worn out by travelling upon pavements, and by being driven at speed, especially on the long routes, rather than by heavy loads, and that after becoming unfit for further use in the streets of the city they are sold at fair prices, and do good service upon soft or sandy roads for many years. And this testimony was confirmed by interesting experiments tried in presence of the Board and others by President Goodell, of the Naumkeag Street Railway Company, Salem. The results were as follows:—

A large, open two-horse car, weighing 4,820 pounds, and loaded with a weight of 8,000 pounds, was drawn up a considerable grade by a power of 790 pounds; the same car, when empty, was drawn by 283 pounds power; a one-horse car, weighing 2,730 pounds, by 176 pounds power; the same car, containing 14 men, weighing 2,518 pounds, by 339 pounds power. On the common roadway, and at the same grade, a dump-cart and load of gravel, together weighing 3,525 pounds, was drawn by 514 pounds power; an empty hack, weighing 1,550 pounds, was drawn by 196 1-2 pounds power; the same hack, with four men and driver, weighing 2,661 pounds in all, by 230 pounds power. Experiments on level ground showed that the large horse-car could be drawn by 56 pounds power. The load of gravel was easily drawn on nearly a level space by 240 pounds power.

The results were, of course, familiar to those acquainted with the laws of mechanics; but it was satisfactory to see a demonstration of the formulas of science.

The difficulties of starting with heavy loads, and of drawing them around curves, is not denied; and street railway managers are awaiting anxiously some invention which will overcome or reduce the first of these troubles.

The Board has drafted no bill, because they see grave objections to the measure proposed, and because the permissive bill referred to above is far from satisfactory.

THOMAS RUSSELL,
EDWARD W. KINSLEY,
CLEMENS HERSCHEL,
Railroad Commissioners.

A Pair of Friends.

About 6 o'clock of an evening, a certain cross-town street of New York is a very busy place. Belated shoppers hurry homeward; groups of tired shop-girls from the Broadway and Sixth avenue stores hasten by to the elevated road; at the door of a grocery store a woman is bargaining with a jolly German in his shirt sleeves for some of his morning's vegetables now withered; lazy darkies, ready for any fun, lounge about the streets, and now and then a newsboy, with an unsold bundle under his arm, calls out the evening papers. On a particular evening I have in mind the crowd seemed larger and more in a hurry than usual, and the intense cold was twice as hard to bear, because the sleet and snow cut one cruelly in the face, and made the pavement very slippery.

As the crowd swept by, a shabby little dog crept out of a hole under some steps, and looked furtively about him. Running on a little he again stopped and looked about, holding up one paw, wistfully, after the manner of small dogs. A boy came whistling by, with his hands in his pockets, and the little dog ran up to him wagging his tail in a most beseeching way, but only to receive a cruel kick and a "Get out!" The tail dropped sadly at this rebuff, but taking new courage, he meekly sidled up to each boy who passed, although he did not dare to go near the grown men. But if he hoped to find a friend of about his own size, he must have grown discouraged, for he got nothing but cross words, blows and kicks.

Just then a little bootblack came by, with his jacket-collar turned up and his blacking-box slung over his shoulder. Seeing the wistful little creature, Jim held out his hand to him, patted him on the head, and whistled him to follow. Overjoyed the small dog jumped to touch his friend's hand, wagged his tail, and showing his joy in every possible way, kept close at the boy's heels, while the latter threaded his way among the crowd and talked to himself in a way he had.

"Guess he haint got no home nuther. I ain't quite rich enough to set up a dog, but I'll give him some supper anyhow."

Plunging down the steps of a restaurant where a dinner of five courses was to be had for twenty-five cents, and where the air was full of a mixture of onions, cabbage and tobacco, he sat down to a dinner of pork and beans, with a great piece of bread, feeding the latter to his new friend, whose delight and hunger were something wonderful.

"Most starved, wasn't ye? Well, I'll fill yer up fer onet," and he patted the dog kindly on the head.

When the pair had reached the limit, not of their appetites but of Jim's purse, the boy said:

"Now, afore we go home, we'll look at the things in the winders, and see the rich uns goin' to the theater."

So they wandered up Broadway and down Sixth avenue, sniffing wistfully at the candy stores, wondering at the glittering diamonds in the jewelers' windows, and laughing at the harlequins and jumping jacks in the toy shops. At least, Jim did all these things, and as his small friend kept very close to him, and wagged his tail very emphatically whenever Jim spoke to him, no doubt he had the same feelings.

Finally the pair of friends were quite benumbed with the cold, and both were covered with a coating of snow and sleet. So they turned away from the bright avenue to a little dark side street, and then into a vacant lot where an old house had been pulled down and the cellar filled with packing boxes from the neighboring stores, and rubbish of all kinds. Picking his way carefully to a particular box, lower than the others and sheltered from the wind, Jim crawled in, and the little dog followed.

"The furnace must be out!" laughed Jim, as he wrapped himself in a bit of old carpeting which he pulled out of a hole, and lay down in the corner farthest from the opening. The little dog

curled up at his feet, and so they slept the happy sleep of youth and innocence.

Toward morning smoke began to come through the cracks in the box, and presently a flame appeared, and soon the box was in a blaze. The little dog, sniffing the smoke, woke up, whined, and touched Jim with his paw, but Jim did not wake. Finally he ran to his face and put his cold nose right on Jim's cheek. The boy woke with a start, and had just time to rush out with his blacking-box in one arm and the little dog in the other, before the opening was closed by the flames. It was too early to think of business yet, so Jim seated himself on the steps of a neighboring house, and thought.

"Well, we're turned out," he muttered. "Guess it's cause I hain't paid no rent. And if it hadn't ben fer you," he said, patting the dog almost tenderly, "I shouldn't ha' needed that kind of a box any more."

The little dog got close to him and licked his hand, while he looked at him with eloquent eyes.

"Slong's I have anything to eat, you'll have part of it," Jim said, choking down a sob and hugging the dog.

So in the chill morning, while the milkmen were just going on their rounds, the compact was made by these two, and very true they were to each other. When business was good, they had their warm supper every night together; but often business was not good, and then Jim cheerfully ate a piece of dry bread, that his friend might have some too. Every night they went to sleep curled up together, and poor lonely Jim wondered how he ever lived without his little dumb friend.

But one bright morning as Jim, with his blacking-box on his shoulder, was vainly hoping for customers, he picked up a piece of an old newspaper, and in the "Lost" column, which has a fascination for most people, he read:

LOST, a Skye terrier with a yellow ribbon and answering to the name of Gypsy. A reward will be given. Dr. Van Norman,—Fifth Avenue.

Now Jim did not know what a Skye terrier was, and, boylike, he never noticed ribbons, but as he absently repeated the words to himself, the little dog jumped upon him at the name of "Gypsy." He repeated it again and,—no, there could be no mistake, it was his name. A close examination showed a bit of dirty yellow ribbon under the little dog's tangled hair.

And now a struggle began in the boy's mind. Gypsy wasn't his. Should he take him to his real master? "No," said self; "Yes," said conscience. And although Jim had never been taught very much about right and wrong, he felt that he must lose his little friend.

Hardly daring to think how lonely he would be without him, he determined to go that very morning. But first he tried to straighten out the little dog's tangled hair with a broken piece of comb, and he actually stopped at a little thread and needle shop and bought a fresh yellow ribbon for him. Then giving Gypsy his favorite breakfast of meat, while he himself ate only dry bread, Jim took him in his arms and started for Fifth avenue.

The house proved to be an aristocratic old mansion, and the elegant footman who opened the door was about to close it again, when he saw Gypsy's bright eyes peering out from under the shabby jacket. This immediately had its effect on the footman, who knocked, and then threw open the door of a luxurious office, where a portly old gentleman with kindly eyes waited to hear what Jim had to say for himself. The little fellow's heart was full, and all he could do was to open his jacket and show the little dog contentedly nestled there.

"Ah, Gypsy!" cried the old gentleman. "But he was lost three weeks ago."

"I only knew it this morning," said the boy.

"Well," said the doctor, "as he's a great pet, I'll give you ten dollars."

"Don't want none o' your money," stammered Jim, and then he began to sob.

The kind doctor soon had the whole story, and

so much pleased was he with the boy's honesty and kindness of heart that he made him his office-boy. Jim became a favorite with everybody in the house, but Gypsy loved him better than anybody else, and the boy sometimes thought that his kindness to a homeless little dog had brought him all his good fortune.

—A. M. Turner.

Fish-Hawks in Council.

A party of summer visitors at Elberon, New Jersey, were one day very much surprised at the sagacity of a flock of fish-hawks. One of these birds being mistaken for a barn-yard robber was shot at, while perching on the top branch of a tree. The ball struck the bird on his wing and he dropped, fluttering and screeching from bough to bough, until he contrived to clutch at a strong forked branch and rested there. All day long he sat uttering piercing screams, and the next morning was found to have gathered round him a large circle of hawks, probably his friends and relatives, who seemed to be holding a council. Each in turn the birds chattered busily, as if giving advice or proposing plans of relief, while their wounded brother seemed to listen eagerly, and now and then put in a word. The approach of human beings produced the greatest consternation among the birds, but they did not fly away and desert the disabled one. The sportsman came again into the orchard, with the intention of putting an end to the poor creature's misery with another ball, but he was easily persuaded to wait and see what the birds would do. An immediate result of the meeting was the feeding of the prisoner, several members of the rescuing party flying to the ocean and returning with fish in their claws. It was easily seen, however, that the nearness of the tree to the house, and the lowness of the branch on which the wounded bird was crouched, caused the greatest anxiety, and even after the invalid's hunger was satisfied the other birds kept flying away singly and in parties, while others still perched on the trees and seemed to be awaiting the messengers' return. It was so evident that some plan had been made that a number of ladies brought their needle-work into the orchard, and staid waiting to see what was going to be done. The hawks were very quiet all day, except that the sufferer uttered an occasional sound, as it moved uneasily in its leafy bed, while the watchers replied in low, soothing tones, as if with words of pity or encouragement. Towards sunset a single hawk appeared on the scene, then another, and another; a great chattering began, and the excitement increased as the messengers kept returning in twos and threes. The wounded bird raised itself as much as possible from the branch, and seemed joyfully expectant, while the others flew around it gaily. After a minute a loud flapping overhead was heard, a flock of hawks appeared, and in their midst a giant hawk—a bird much larger and stronger than any of the rest. For a few moments it perched upon the topmost branch of the tree, then started up and began circling about, coming lower, nearer to its wounded brother, until suddenly swooping, it grasped the latter in its claws, and raising him gently from the bough, soared away with him triumphantly. The other hawks followed, leaving the spectators overwhelmed with astonishment. They did not doubt that the hawk was being carried to some safe, retired spot, where he could be fed and waited on until his wound healed.

—Agriculturist.

Unhealthy if not Unsavory.

A Bohemian, living in Pittsburgh, butchered a large fat dog recently, and served it up as a feast, to which several of his countrymen and country-women were invited. They all ate heartily of the flesh, considering it a great luxury. Nearly all who partook of the meal were taken sick, their symptoms resembling those caused by poison. The affair has caused alarm among other Bohemians who have dogs in process of fattening for the table.

**Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.**

Geo. T. Angell, President, Samuel E. Sawyer, Vice President, Rev. Thomas Timmins, Secretary, Joseph L. Stevens, Treasurer.

Pledge.

"I will try to be kind to all HARMLESS living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean, "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

Band of Mercy Information.

We send without cost, to every person who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy,—how to form, what to do, how to do it. To every Band formed in America of thirty or more, we send, also without cost, "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," full of anecdote and instruction, our monthly paper, *OUR DUMB ANIMALS*, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, &c. Also a copy of "Band of Mercy" songs and hymns. To every American teacher who forms a Band of twenty or more, we send the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

All we require is simply signing our pledge: "I will try to be kind to all *harmless* living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The twelve "Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole bound together in one pamphlet.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

An Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices, sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life Member* of the "Parent American Band of Mercy," and a "Band of Mercy" member of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all without cost, or can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-cent return postage-stamp have names added to the list, and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women, not only of Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the "Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certificates at ten cents a hundred.

New Bands of Mercy Formed by Mass. S. P. C. A.

- 533. Boonville, Pa.
- 5240. Fishing Creek Band.
P., W. H. Klepper.
S., Mrs. W. H. Klepper.
- 734. Washington, New Jersey.
5241. Thinkers and Workers Band.
P. & S., Mrs. Jennie H. Witte.
- 735. Washington, New Jersey.
5242. B. Band.
P., Mary E. Prouty.
- 736. Mason City, Iowa.
5244. Prairie Lily Band.
P., Edna Tubbs.
- 737. Stoots Mills, West Va.
5245. Sinarville Band.
P., Virgil L. Casto.
S., Sophronia Casto.
- 738. Carlton, New York.
5246. Dove-cot Band.
P., Nettie Callahan.
V. P., George Voorhies.
S., Marion U. Greenville.
- OTHER BANDS.
- 5243. Biddeford, Me., Adams St. Baptist Church.
S. S. Band.
P., Rev. Frederic W. Tarr.
- 5247. Orford, N. H.
P., Clara Wyman.
- 5248. Neosho, Mo.
P., Jno. A. Wilson.
S., J. J. Thom.
T., Maggie DeGroff.

SOUND DOCTRINE.—At the 62d anniversary of the Royal Society, P. C. A., held in London, June 26, the Ladies' Committee, reporting on humane education, spoke with great clearness and emphasis on the true methods of organizing and conducting Bands of Mercy:—

Above all things, it is necessary that there should be an organization, and regular meetings held; for it is obviously impossible to train the minds of children without systematic method. If it be true that "line on line and precept on precept" are needed to lead mankind along the path of duty, then it will be apparent that good lessons of humanity cannot be inculcated in the minds of children by spasmodic effort, and that for such purpose it is essential to induce children to learn and relearn our principles. The real object of the process of training children to be kind, compassionate, merciful, and just, amongst themselves and towards the lower creation, is to fix in their hearts a sense of duty which will make them useful and good when they grow up into women and men. Therefore, it cannot be too earnestly stated, and clearly understood, that a Band of Mercy should be under efficient and constant management, by which alone the immeasurable benefit which these auxiliaries are calculated to achieve can be attained.

The *New Orleans Picayune* offers a silver medal for the best essay on "Kindness to Animals," written by any Band of Mercy member, near or far, between 10 and 16 years of age. Only one side of the leaf must be written on, the signature must be fictitious, and the essay accompanied by an envelope containing the writer's both real and assumed name. Essays must be directed to Nature's Dumb Nobility column, office of *Weekly Picayune*, New Orleans, La., and received by the first of November.

Bands of Mercy have been established in several of the English colonies, and in New Zealand and Australia particularly they are being carried on with enthusiasm and success.

The Thrush.

STILL whilst he sings, loving the best
A laurel branch above the nest,
Where his good mate, the hatching nigh,
Listens to strains first low, then high;
Then low again, and lower until
To her ear only audible.

The two had quarrels at spring's dawn,
Brief as an April shower, born
To spice their love or make it more;
But now such setting suns are o'er.
Hope is more largely mixed with love,
And hope and love together move,
In sight of birthday crowning all
As shadows of the evening fall.

—E. G. Charlworth, in *Sunday Magazine*.

AN AMERICAN'S GOOD WORK ABROAD.—The *Hexham Courant* (Eng.) contains the synopsis of "a very interesting and impressive sermon preached in the Primitive Methodist Chapel at Greenhead, (on Sunday afternoon, June 6,) by the Rev. Thomas Timmins of America, Secretary of the Universal Mercy Band of the British Empire." It adds; "Every one seemed to enjoy themselves, and returned home, we trust, to practise more than ever the true spirit of Christianity."

The reverend gentleman had given in the afternoon an address on "Kindness to Animals" to the large Wesleyan Sunday-school.

The same paper publishes also a long account of the great second annual demonstration at Newcastle of the Bands of Mercy of Haltwhistle and nine other districts, a special service being held in the cathedral under the conduct of Canon Lloyd, who "delivered an interesting and impressive address on kindness." Other exercises and addresses took place at Central Hall, "where a capital tea was provided." Among the abstracts of stirring addresses is one by "the Rev. Thomas Timmins of America, the apostle of the Bands of Mercy."

A correspondent of the *Salem Gazette* writes from Vermont of a benevolent charity:

On the way North we had on the train a car-load of "Fresh Air Children." These are poor children from New York whom kind-hearted people of Vermont take into their families for a month or two, sending them back with their thin faces plump and brown, and with remembrances of such happy days in the green fields as have never brightened their narrow existence in the great city. There were some fifty little girls in this car, ranging from six to ten years of age, neatly dressed, and generally bright and intelligent. It was with much pleasure that we noticed the consideration and kindness shown to the little ones by the people having them in charge. About the neck of each was suspended a tag, on which was written the destination of the bearer and the name of the family to which she was to go. Thus on one which we read was written, "Mr. So-and-So, Ea. Randolph, Vt., will take two little girls six or seven years old." And so at Randolph, Vt., the nearest station to that place, two little girls, with scanty wardrobe in paper parcel, left the train and stood timidly on the platform, while the man in charge spoke a few words with a farmer and his kind-hearted wife who were in waiting there. A hearty motherly kiss quite restored them to confidence, and before we were out of sight we saw them riding down the shady country road, turning happy faces for a last look at the train which had brought them to this wonderful place.

Who goes to bed, and does not pray,
Maketh two nights in one day.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, September, 1886.

At the August directors' meeting on the 18th the Secretary reported that President Angell had been heartily welcomed by leading citizens in Duluth, Minnesota, and Fargo, Dakota, and had addressed large and enthusiastic audiences, resulting in the organization of Humane Societies in both places.

The prosecuting agents of the Society had investigated 180 complaints of cruelty in July, prosecuted 7, caused 31 animals to be taken from work as unfit for labor, and 113 mercifully killed.

There are now 5249 Bands of Mercy recorded in the Society's office.

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT ANGELL.

FARGO, Aug. 10, 1886.

On my way from Lake Superior, I stopped last week, Tuesday night, at Duluth, a fine growing city of about 25,000, and by previous arrangement with one of the leading editors, addressed the "Duluth Club."

At the close of my address the Club, which is composed of prominent citizens, voted unanimously to take measures for forming a "Humane Society." The next morning, before leaving, I drafted, in conference with the Secretary of the Club, a constitution and by-laws. Last Sunday night I addressed a union meeting of the churches here and proposed the formation of the "North Dakota Humane Society." Nearly the whole audience held up their hands to join the Society, and a committee of eleven prominent gentlemen, including two Protestant clergymen and a Roman Catholic priest, were elected to perfect the organization. I have been in conference with the committee to-day and shall be again to-morrow. I think it a most happy incident related in the *Journal of Education* that a splendid great dog should have come onto the platform of the Teachers' National Convention at Topeka and calmly surveyed the vast audience just at the time my letter donating to the convention, on behalf of our Massachusetts Society, 8000 copies of our publications was read.

Dakota is looking finely, the crops are coming in well, and the great wheat fields and broad prairies stretching out like the ocean far as the eye can reach, and the magnificent sunsets are sights worth travelling a long way to see. The only trouble with North Dakota has been that farmers wanted to raise only wheat and make a fortune in about three years. The time is coming when these broad acres will be covered with perhaps the most productive farms of the world, each farmer raising his own horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, poultry, vegetables, butter, cheese, in fact almost everything but corn, for which the warm season is rather too short. With kind regards to all,

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Mr. Angell writes since that on August 16, the North Dakota Humane Society was organized by the adoption of a constitution and by-laws similar to those of the M. S. P. C. A., and the election of a large board of influential directors.

A SIGNIFICANT INCIDENT is thus related in the *Journal of Education*:

During one of the crowded sessions at the Grand Opera House a beautiful great dog came upon the stage and took a position directly in front of the secretary's table, and, resting upon his haunches, surveyed the audience with evident satisfaction, and quietly withdrew without a "bark" of dissent. Subsequently the secretary read a letter from George T. Angell, Esq., President of the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, tendering the convention eight thousand copies of OUR DUMB ANIMALS and *Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals*. These humane publications were gratuitously distributed and taken by teachers with avidity, and will do great good in all sections of the country. The before-mentioned representative of the "brute" world must have been able to "report progress" to his companions on the prairies.

The "Historian" of the *Evening Record* makes the following appeal to the mean madams who go off summering and leave their cats to pick up a precarious living as they may, to be harried by dogs, shot at, stoned, tormented, starved, their heartless owners meanwhile taking their ease in their own inns and faring sumptuously every day.

There are other madams, and sirs as well, who cannot, when closing their houses, quite bring themselves to turn their cats adrift. Nor can they loosen their purse strings enough to pay the few shillings a week that will secure good care of their faithful mousers. Death is better than vagrancy, say these considerate souls. Is there not a society that mercifully kills, and is it not in mercy bound to spare us the pain of making street outcasts of our pets? With which complacent thought they thank God that they are not like some other folk.

No doubt the absent owners of a white-nosed, white-collared cat, which is evidently about two-thirds grown, will be glad to learn that the kitten which they shut out of a house almost on the summit of Beacon Hill, and then abandoned, has not forgotten them. The Historian does not know whether they are at Bar Harbor or Newport, or Beverly or Chelsea, but he knows where the cat is—a good deal of the time. It is on the sidewalk in front of the house, mewing pitifully.

In the night time, if the hearing of the owners of that kitten could be miraculously sharpened, they might hear it calling hour after hour at the door with a plaintive, wailing call that ends with a rising inflection, as if its faith and expectancy never really wavered. But they would sometimes hear the cry thrill with a sort of joy as a footstep sounds in the distance, as much as to say, "Can it be, can it be?" and the kitten goes bounding away down the street. But by and by they would hear the same sad wail at the door again, plaintive, expectant, heart-breaking, to be interrupted only by a shriek when some marauding prowler, made of a different sort of cat clay from that of the gentle, tenderly reared, white-nosed maltese, comes about to disturb her mourning.

It is not alone in the night time that this kitten cries at the door. You may see her at almost any hour of the day, sitting patiently on the steps, looking anxiously at the passers-by, and raising her plaintive cry. She never seems to be far away. She is a great deal thinner now than she was when you went away, madam, but she manages to live somehow. Hasn't she the expectation of your return to keep her alive?"

THE LATE ABRAHAM FIRTH.—The *Christian Register* of August 5, contains an excellent tribute to the memory of this estimable gentleman, reprinted from the *Worcester Spy*.

Office routine work sometimes gets a trifle dull when the familiar voices are silent, and to see the familiar faces one must follow them to the mountains or the shore. But ours was lately brightened by the genial presence of Mrs. Shaffer, editor of the humane department of the *New Orleans Picayune*, who came like a gleam of sunshine through a rift in the clouds of an overcast day. With her husband she is making an extended tour, for which they duly fortified with copious draughts of "Boston east wind." It was intimated as more than likely that the opportunity would be improved to test the cookery of a certain little esculent for which Boston is deservedly famous.

"The better the day the better the deed," may be a good adage in some cases; but there was no saving grace in it for certain cat-shooters that were taken before the judge by our Society's prosecuting officers, who in punishing cruelty esteem all days alike.

The last two convictions for this hateful sport were of shootings on Sundays. The Sabbath was made for man, but not, the marksmen found, to be put to any such vile use. If the culprits ever were Sunday-school scholars, doubtless they were taught the length of the old lawful Sabbath-day's journey. And they have found that was just about the distance from their respective homes to the Municipal Court.

An otherwise good letter from Bar Harbor to a city paper is marred by this strained attempt at pleasantries:

I saw one fly in my room; but he looked lonely and unhappy, so I put him to death.

Why needlessly kill even a fly? Not so did good Uncle Toby. Though tormented cruelly all dinner-time by an overgrown one that buzzed about his nose, he said, while letting go his captured persecutor at the opened window: "I'll not hurt thee; I'll not hurt a hair of thy head. Why should I hurt thee?"

Wanton destruction of insect life is only part of the great system of cruelty that runs through all forms of animal life. He who would put to death so insignificant a thing as a fly merely to point a paragraph or gratify a whim needs but slight provocation to cruelly beat a horse.

Whether the newly-arrived correspondent who slew, or feigned to have slain, the harmless creature was a teacher, or a lay attendant on the great meeting, it is certain in either case that the humane literature sent there had a good mission.

The lesson of the day in the Sunday schools of the Universalist denomination on Sunday, Sept. 26, is on "Kindness to Animals." It was prepared by Rev. R. T. Polk, and is published in the September number of the *Sunday School Helper*. It is wholly free from any sectarian bias. We heartily commend it to all Sunday schools, and as sure to be of great help in the exercises of Bands of Mercy. The *Helper* may be obtained at a trifling cost at No. 16 Bromfield street, Boston.

In a neat pamphlet, the Portland, Me., Society P. C. A. combines a valuable manual of historical, legal, and statistical information with its Nineteenth Annual Report for 1885-6.

Agent Sawyer answers the skeptics who see no need for such a society, with a detailed account of some of the many cases of cruelty that were punished. He has also something to say about the detestable practice of "docking and nicking."

This cruel practice consists in cutting off a portion of the tail of the horse and severing the muscles, and by the use of cords and pulleys retaining it in an upright position until the animal loses all control of the same. It has been introduced into our city. How an enlightened people can tolerate such a barbarity, or accept such a fashion, is beyond my comprehension.

By the same mail that brought this report came a letter from Bar Harbor, in which this high toned nonsense was complained of in connection with some of the coarser forms of brutality to horses prevailing there.

NORTH CONWAY, N. H.—The annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was held Aug. 11th. The Secretary reported excellent work done by the Society the past year. The President delivered an interesting address, in which he dwelt upon the relations between men and animals, the fine instincts of many of the higher animals and the lessons that man may learn from them.

He was followed by Col. Marvin, State Agent and President of the New Hampshire Society at Portsmouth, who spoke of man's duties to animals. He aptly illustrated this topic by referring to excursionists returning from their pleasure jaunts to refresh themselves luxuriously while the poor horses through whose labor they had obtained their enjoyment, wearied and worn, were perhaps in charge of neglectful persons, who gave them meagre food and drink, and insufficient bedding for their worn and weary frames.

If, he said, the Society has been remiss in anything it is in not letting it be more widely known what are the scope and authority of the laws of New Hampshire, and how inclusive is the statute meaning of the word animals.

Last year's officers were re-elected, viz.: Rev. Dr. John Worcester, president; Mrs. Helen Merriiman, vice-president; Dr. J. H. Pitman, secretary; Mrs. B. D. Carroll, Mrs. M. L. Mason, Mr. James H. Gamble, Mr. John H. Babb, directors.

At a Directors' meeting of the New Hampshire S. P. C. A. at Portsmouth, August 2, State Agent Marvin reported his travel in the spring quarter's work as 588 miles, viz.: by rail, 317; with horses, 193; on foot, 78. Considering the great abuse of horses at summer resorts among the New Hampshire hills, in overloading, overdriving, overworking, driving when galled, lame, and unfit for labor, the next quarterly report is likely to show a great increase of the State Agent's travel.

The president of a newly formed Band of Mercy in Victory, Georgia, writes: "The school children became so enthusiastic that they began immediately to write compositions on kindness to animals, and read them on recitation day. We have also a Band of Hope, and the Bands work together beautifully."

THE MOST FAMOUS SQUIRREL IN ALL LITERATURE

was sent from Philadelphia by Mrs. Franklin to Miss Georgiana Shipley, daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph. Its untimely end is thus commemorated:—

Benjamin Franklin to his wife, from London,
Feb. 14, 1773.

The fine large gray squirrel you sent, who was a great favorite in the Bishop's family, is dead. He has got out of his cage in the country, rambled and was rambling over a common three miles from home, when he met a man with a dog. The dog pursuing him, he fled to the man for protection, running up to his shoulder, who shook him off and set the dog on him, thinking him to be, as he said afterwards, *some varment or other*. So poor *Mungo*, as his Mistress called him, died. * * *Mungo*, was buried in the garden, and the enclosed epitaph put upon his monument.

Benjamin Franklin to Miss Georgiana Shipley,
Sept. 26, 1772.

I lament with you most sincerely the unfortunate end of poor *Mungo*. Few squirrels were better accomplished; for he had had a good education, had travelled far, and seen much of the world. As he had the honor of being, for his virtues, your favorite, he should not go, like common skuggs, without an elegy or an epitaph. Let us give him one in the monumental style and measure, which being neither prose nor verse, is perhaps the properest for grief; since to use common language would look as if we were not affected, and to make rhymes would seem trifling in sorrow.

EPITAPH

on the Loss of an American Squirrel, who escaping from his cage, was killed by a shepherd's dog.

Alas! poor *MUNG*!
Happy wert thou, hadst thou known
Thy own felicity.
Remote from the fierce bald eagle,
Tyrant of thy native woods,
Thou hadst nought to fear from his piercing talons,
Nor from the murdering gun
Of the thoughtless sportsman.
Safe in thy wired castle,
GRIMALKIN never could annoy thee.
Daily wert thou fed with the choice viands,
By the fair hand of an indulgent mistress;
But, discontented,
Thou wouldest have more freedom.
Too soon, alas! didst thou obtain it;
And wandering,
Thou art fallen by the fangs of wanton cruel *RANGER*!
Learn hence,
Ye who blindly seek more liberty,
Whether subjects, sons, squirrels, or daughters,
That apparent restraint may be real protection,
Yielding peace and plenty
With security.

You see, my dear Miss, how much more decent and proper this broken style is, than if we were to say, by way of epitaph,—

Here SKUGG
Lies snug,
As a bug
In a rug.

And yet, perhaps, there are people in the world of so little feeling as to think that this would be a good-enough epitaph for poor *Mungo*.

TOMCAT MURR.

In "Hours with German Classics" Rev. Dr. Hedge speaks thus of a pet cat of the author and jurist, Hoffman:

It was a beautiful creature that occupied a drawer of his writing table, which it opened with its paws, and where it lay on the top of his papers. He was never tired of relating instances of the exceptional intelligence of this wonderful animal; and when Murr died, his master sent his friend Hitzig a bulletin card with these words:—

In the the night of the 29th of November my beloved pupil, the Kater Murr, after brief but severe suffering, passed on to a better life, in the fourth year of his hopeful age. I hasten humbly to communicate the intelligence to sympathizing patrons and friends. All who knew the youth, now in eternity, will justify my profound grief, and honor it with silence.

HOFFMAN.

No one, says Hitzig, will be surprised at this jest who knows how closely connected were jest and grief in Hoffman's nature. In fact the loss was a real affliction, and he described to his friend, with tears, the creature's death, how piteously he moaned and how beseechingly he looked into his master's eyes for sympathy and aid. "Now there is a void in the house for wife and me."

THE HERMIT.

Cape Ann abounds in pleasant by-ways, pasture paths, and disused roads of by-gone days. One of these, winding over the high ridge on the land side of Gloucester outer harbor, is named "the old pest-house road," from the hospital it led to in inoculating times. Along it oaks and pines are plentiful; wild rose and golden-rod, fragrant bayberry and graceful barberry, huckleberry and blackberry, honey-dew exhaling its sweet perfume, thorn and brier, border it with dense shrubbery on either hand.

Some two miles from the centre of the town one comes suddenly on a tiny log-house on a sheltered slope. Morning-glory climbs over the roof, nasturtium glowing in color adorns the front and twines around the doorway, and a little garden on either side is brilliant with flowers. He who built and occupies this humble structure is called "The Hermit." Suspended above a great boulder that serves as climbing stone, between oaks with a background of odorous pines, is a hammock where he sleeps in favoring weather. Simple living, pure air, ample exercise, have mainly restored the impaired health that impelled him a few years ago to exchange pent up city for this free country life.

Though secluded from the busy town he found himself in a populous neighborhood. When the pressing needs of the new life were provided for, he cultivated the acquaintance of his many and various neighbors, some of whom, rather against their will no doubt, he lured into a change of abode. Black snake and raccoon, gray squirrel and flying squirrel, chipmunk and dormouse, have thus been domiciled at the hermitage. It is pleasant and instructive to listen to the discourse of this intelligent student of books and nature, who has at hand such fine object lessons.

An interesting article from his pen may be found on the next page.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

About my Neighbors.

To see bird life at its best one must be up early, for by eight o'clock most birds cease to sing and hide away till afternoon. I am an early riser, and as I have been an "Outer" for two years, and camp alone in the woods, in the very haunts of the birds, I have an excellent chance to observe and study their ways. This morning I awake just in time to count the strokes of the city clock, two miles away, one, two, three. Bird life is hardly awake yet. I sleep in a hammock, swinging in the oaks, eight feet from the ground, and therefore catch the first sound of awakened forest life.

There go the crows,—“caw, caw, caw.” Sad rascals, these fellows, but with a knowledge and cunning that is something wonderful. If you step to the front of the camp and look to the hill at the east, you will see something black, on the very top of the tallest pine. That is a crow detective, shadowing me. It was his call that I heard just now.

But the morning grows; now the blue-jays across the brook are calling to each other, and a robin over there is piping loudly and merrily. A towhee bunting adds its note, and soon all the birds fall into line with their music;—cat-birds, brown and wood thrushes, swamp sparrows, vireos and tanagers—and by four o'clock the woods resound with the sweet chorus. It is a singular fact that birds sing in concert, and usually, when one stops, all stop. They sing about twenty minutes and then take a short rest, for refreshments no doubt. As the day advances the periods of song grow shorter and the rests longer, up to eight o'clock, when the bird melody closes till toward night. Birds are much oppressed by heat and do not sing in the middle of the day. With the thermometer upwards of eighty I have seen robins, cat-birds, thrushes, etc., perch in the shade with open bills, apparently suffering as much from the heat as human beings. Birds seek water when nesting, and as there is near the camp a spring that never fails, this is a favorite resort.

Right over the wall, almost in the path, is a wreck of an oven-bird's nest. It was the third attempt at house keeping by this hapless pair. The snakes robbed the first nest of its eggs, and the second of its young. I furnished the material to build the third, and the female oven-bird did the work while the male looked on, flying back and forth with its mate as it toiled, occasionally breaking into song. A slight depression was made in the side of a knoll and lined with grass and fine weed-stalks, the ends laid east and west. Above this and slightly arched, another layer of grass and leaves covered the nest, excepting on the south, where an opening was left for an entrance. The interior was lined with white horse hair.

As the nest was in a shady spot and near the camp, I passed much of my time, when reading, near it. At first the birds were afraid and flew away when I approached, but after awhile they seemed to take it for granted that I meant to be friendly, and I could sit within three feet of the nest and rustle my paper without creating alarm.

One day I found a striped snake battling with the birds. I took a hand in the fray and soon his snakeship was laid out. I left the body near the nest and retired a little to see what the birds would do. At first they approached it cautiously, but finding it did not resist, they flew at it and pecked it with their bills, beat it with their wings, jumped on it with their feet, and at last dragged and rolled it into a hollow and covered it with leaves, after which the female returned to the nest and the male flew to a twig and sang as joyous a song as one would wish to hear. The danger was over for this time, but alas for the poor birds! The next time I visited them they were flitting sorrowfully through the trees, eggless, homeless, and discouraged also, for they have made no further attempt at house keeping.

The oven-bird belongs to the family of warblers.

Its popular name is acquired from its manner of roofing its nest. This bird is a great favorite of mine. Its engaging disposition and pretty ways will endear it to the heart of any one who takes pleasure in watching bird life as Nature orders it.

In that lofty pine, down by the brook, on the very tip of a limb that shoots out some forty feet high, is a rifled nest of the beautiful scarlet tanager. When this castle in the air was reared and charged with its precious freight, the mother bird, rocked by the gentle breeze and tossed by the storm, watched the anxious hours away till one afternoon the little home was filled with new life. The father bird gave me the cue that the young were out of the shell. Flitting from limb to limb around the nest, he would stop every few seconds and lightly flutter the half folded wings after the manner of young birds when begging food. This expression of pleasure on the advent of their young, that is common to all birds, was of hardly a day's duration. The nest was speedily wrecked and robbed by devouring crows. But the brave birds have built anew, and let us hope that this time success will crown their efforts.

A little way from the brook in the open leafy woods an old stump stands in the edge of the thick undergrowth. It has a hole and the hole has in it a black-cap titmouse, named from its note, chickadee. This little bird is broody as a sitting hen, and if forcibly taken from its nest will return when set free. I take the bird out and count the eggs, nine, seemingly a great number for so small a bird to cover, but they are tiny things, white, covered with pale red dots.

Often the nest is in a natural cavity of stump or tree. Sometimes the birds peck a hole about three inches in diameter, both working until the nest is finished. All the nests that I have found within nearly a half mile of my camp are lined with horse-hair and felted with cotton that I keep on hand for the use of birds.

There are said to be two other varieties of the titmouse family in New England, but I do not find them on the cape. The black-cap stays with us through the winter, its numbers increased by migration from the severer North. They miss a rare pleasure who do not see the chickadees when it is zero cold, and ground, bush, and tree are covered with snow. Then what a welcome surprise to come unexpectedly upon a flock of these lively, restless little birds chirping cheerfully to each other, and so careless of man's approach that they will perch upon a twig within arm's reach and chant their familiar “chickadee-dee” over and over again! Last winter I fed them daily, and soon found that their favorite food was fat. I have often seen them eat clear lard for a minute or more, and in two hours be back after another meal. As they will not touch it in warm weather, doubtless such food is the cause of their power to withstand cold. I remember a pretty picture for an artist one day when the mercury was ten below zero—the chickadees sitting on low twigs around my door waiting to be fed, their plumage so ruffled that the little things looked like animated balls of feathers.

Besides their “chickadee-dee,” the birds have a lisping call note when near each other, and when at a distance, a loud, clear, whistling call, which seems to say “tea's ready.” They also have a song, which I call a song of gratitude; for so far as I know, they sing only after being fed, in winter. It is a low twitter, reminding me of the song of the butcher-bird, which I have often heard, under similar circumstances, in the logging swamps of Maine.

Inland, in a sandy and shrubby landscape, is Kendall Green, a private cemetery, with its granite monument, surrounded by heavy granite posts, every other one of which is hollowed in the top as a receptacle for food for birds. And one reads there these inscriptions: “Whatever their mode of faith, or creed, who feed the wandering birds, will themselves be fed.” “Who helps the helpless, heaven will help.” —*Their Pilgrimage.*

Bird Notes.

SIX poplar-trees, in golden green,
Stand up the sweet May snow between—
The snow of plum and pear tree bloom—
And I, looking down from my little room,
Call to the bird on the bough: “What cheer?”
And he pipes for answer: “The spring is here.”

A month goes by with its sun and rain,
And a rosebud taps at my window-pane;
I see in the garden down below
The tall white lilies, a stately row;
The birds are pecking the cherries red:
“Summer is sweet,” the starlings said.

Again I look from my casement down;
The leaves are changing to red and brown;
And overhead, through a sky of gray,
The swallows are flying far away.
“Whither away, sweet birds?” I cry:
“Autumn is come,” they make reply.

Keenly, coldly, the north winds blow;
Silently falls the pure white snow;
Of birds and blossoms am I bereft,
Brave, bright robin alone is left,
And he taps and chirps at my window pane,—
“Take heart, the spring will return again.”

—*Florence Tyler, in Chamber's Journal.*

♦♦♦

Disappearance of the Bobolink.

The bobolink, sweetest and best of our New England meadow singers, is gone. The pied dandy of tufted and springing golden rod no more in this vicinity tinkles his tangled bell music in our fields. Around our city and especially in the West Springfield meadows, as all up and down the valley of the Connecticut, used to be the resort and home of the characteristic and blithe bird. This is the first season that I have failed absolutely to see or hear a single one.

Of late years they have been fewer, each season being made melancholy in a measure by the steadily depleted numbers of the birds, and now I believe there are none. Others may have seen or heard them, but after diligent seeking, foreseeing as I have the inevitable, I fail to find a single songster.

One great cause of this is the shooting of this song bird by our friends further south for food. Garbed in russet, in the fall he becomes in Maryland the rice bird or the ortolan, and is shot and strung up in Baltimore and Philadelphia markets by the hundreds to be eaten.

I should feel as if I were eating dead music if I attempted to eat one of these. There are bigger and better things to eat than they. Why not leave in life this epitome of tremulous melody, instead of reducing him to the level of an oyster or a clam? Our southern friends have dainties enough for the table without him in their terrapin and canvas-backs.

Will our southern AUDUBON SOCIETIES think of this and let us see if the bobolink cannot be saved from extinction.

—*E. H. Lathrop, in Forest and Stream.*
Springfield, Mass.

♦♦♦

Golden Rod.

The flags in the marsh, the brown sedge in the fields, and the light fluffy grasses are elements of charm. The pokeweed is in its lush bloom; and the elderberries, black and bowing down the bushes, are the type of thoughtless generosity. Above them the liberal chestnuts tower, holding their Ginevra-prisons tight for the destined clutch of frost. The birds have not much to say, though now and then one calls or cries; the crow flies cawing overhead; and the tiny sparrows begin to hold fence-rail conferences about departure. But most of all the golden-rod characterizes the season—so honest, generous, lavish, and withal most loyal. Nothing is better than the golden-rod to show what our New England fall is,—it bears the best mark; the true work of a true soul can be no more outspoken than this glorious weed.

—*The Saundere.*

Glanders and Farcy.

Glanders and farcy are two names denoting really one disease, due to the same specific poison. It is called glanders when the air passages are affected, and farcy when the skin, areolar tissue, lymphatics, and glands are most prominently involved. Damp, ill-ventilated, narrow, and ill-built stables, insufficient or unwholesome food and excessive fatigue are the principal predisposing causes to the development and propagation of the disease. It invariably terminates in death, whether it appears in the acute or chronic form. Its communicability from one horse to another, from the horse to man, and from man to man, is now no longer questioned; hence health officers should act with great promptness in every case, rigidly enforcing isolation in regard to all "suspects," and extermination of all animals known to be affected.

The German law directs that any horse which has been even in contact with a glandered animal shall be immediately killed. This is wise. When the horse is killed, it should at once be buried deep in plenty of lime, and its former habitation thoroughly disinfected, first with sulphurous acid fumes, followed by prolonged free ventilation. All tainted food, bedding, etc., should be speedily burned.

—*Colman's Rural World.*

Horse Caprices.

All horses have their fancies, and know perfectly well whom they have to deal with. I am just now exercised with Whitefeet, a sorrel mare which I bought young, and has lately come out of the hands of a professional breaker with two or three tiresome whims. I do not think that he understood her. When an unbroken filly, she was most obedient to me. One day I found her in the drawing-room. To reach it she had walked into the house by the front entrance, and after traveling a corridor some forty feet long, had passed through three door-ways. There she was, examining furniture, smelling knick-knacks, and looking out of the window. I expected a scene, since she was as good as wild, having never been made acquainted with saddle, bridle or shoe. Yet she behaved like a young lady; not only daintily walking about among chairs and tables without damage, but exhibiting solitary self-consciousness, especially when she came to look at herself in a mirror. This she did with much interest, getting first one side of her face and then the other into the most appreciable position. It seemed to me that she smiled. When she had gazed her fill, I said, "Now come out, my dear." Then she put her warm, velvety nose into the hollow of my uplifted hand, and followed me, as I walked backward like a courtier, into the paddock. And yet the professional breaker had found her hard to manage. She was evidently too refined for him, and resented his coarse manners. Horses show deliberate resentment. Years ago, we had two piebalds, Marcus and Tag. I have their portraits, but knew them not, as they lived before I was born. You might—it was so related to me when a boy by my elders—call Tag anything but a "blackguard." Tradition says that an incredulous guest, having been told this, one evening after dinner, went up by himself to Tag before breakfast the next morning and quietly said: "Tag, you are a blackguard." He was thankful to get into the house with only half his coat torn off his back. Tag flew at him, open-mouthed, at once.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

A Horse that Knows the Doxology.

Some animals possess an amazing amount of instinct. Our Methodist friend, the Rev. Mr. B., told us the other day of a preacher he knew who owned a horse that he had been driving for eighteen years. The preacher told our friend that he had so often driven the horse to church and left him standing near by, that the horse had learned the doxology, and whenever it is sung he begins to neigh, knowing that he is either going home soon or going to a neighbor's to dinner.

—*Hawkinsville Gazette.*

*The Question of Shoeing Horses.**Editor of Our Dumb Animals:*

On the 19th of January, 1885, I had the shoes taken off my pair of horses, that weigh 1100 lbs. each, when it was very slippery. I drove them around town to see how they would go, and liked it so well I thought I would continue the experiment. It was so successful that on the 11th February I drove them to Shrewsbury, thirty odd miles, leaving home at 7 A. M. and arriving at 3.40 P. M. all right. It was after a two days' rain, and the ground so icy that a boy could have skated with me all the way, yet I had no trouble.

In March I went to Lowell after a load of furniture. Much of the travelling was very slippery. Coming back, when I started up a large hill, some men who were looking on said I could not get over it because my horses had no shoes on. I drove up the hill. My horses did not fall there or at any other time during the winter. Last week I think I drove from 125 to 150 miles. Besides other work I took the Malden Rifles to and from Camp Framingham, my horses having no trouble with their feet in any way.

I have a horse weighing 1300 lbs. and standing 18 hands high, bought in 1872. He has been so lame at times with corns, shoe boils, contracted heel, and other things, that I have had to let him lie by several weeks before I could drive him. After spending much extra money in shoeing him, I determined to try him unshod. His shoes were taken off in April, 1885, and there has been no trouble with his feet since. He can do more work, trot faster, and travel as far as he ever could.

One of my pair formerly overreached and interfered so that I had to keep boots on her all the time. That is all done away with. I take care of my horses myself, and when there is anything to do I do it. I have driven many miles from Malden in winter and summer, fast or slow as my business called me, and have found no trouble. I never enjoyed driving my horses as I have since their shoes were taken off.

P. H. FAGAN.

Malden, Mass.

Nail in a Horse's Foot.

When the horse shoer pricks the foot with a clean nail, which is at once withdrawn and the hole filled with a few drops of turpentine, the chances are that no harm will come of it. But if nothing is done and the horse goes lame and lamer before the shoe is taken off and the nail drawn, the probability is that the wound will fester. The thing to do is, after removing the shoe, to cut the nail hole out, following it exactly until it bleeds freely. Then syringe or sop it out with a carbolic acid water, and fill the opening loosely with a pledget of lint or oakum. Renew this treatment daily, and do not replace the shoe until suppuration ceases. If the horse picks up a nail on the road, the treatment should be quite similar. The nail being blunter and often dirty, the wound is usually a worse one and the sensitive parts bruised, so that suppuration follows. In case the bone is pierced and the pus is abundant and offensive a veterinary surgeon should be consulted, but meanwhile inject carbolic acid several times a day. If several days intervene between the time when the nail is picked up, and when it is discovered, the same treatment is followed—but if a pus sack is found, out of which the matter squirts, care must be taken to make the opening large enough to clear it all out, and be sure that carbolic acid touches every part.

—*Coleman's Rural World.*

One of our friends owns a mule about twenty years old, that knows when it is 12 o'clock by the sound of the dinner horn. If it is a mile away, he begins to bray and increases his speed with the plow till he reaches the end of the row, and then he stops and refuses to move until the harness is taken off.

—*Hawkinsville Gazette.*

*One Cause of Balking.**Editor of Our Dumb Animals:*

For several years I have observed balky horses, and have taken some care to find some of the causes. I have noticed that horses in street railroad cars are more likely to be balky than others, and generally at the ascent of an inclined street. In almost every case the collar chokes the horse. I have spoken to some conductors about this, but they say they are not responsible for it. The fault is at the stable, where such ill-fitting collars are put on that when the horse starts up the lower part of the collar comes up tight against the animal's throat, and, of course, he balks. The fact is the collars are "made to sell," not to fit the horses. Some collars used on railroad horses are an abomination. They are made with bodies not full enough. Many are stuffed with short straw and easily flatten down. This sort of collar is likely to tip back on the horse's withers and choke him. Hence much suffering that ought not to be.

JOSEPH COGAN.

Care of Animals in Summer.

The American Humane Association presents the following suggestions relative to the care of animals during the heated term.

Provide water—fresh, pure water. Think reader, how you are refreshed by a drink of cool water on a hot day. The lower animals are equally in need of the means of quenching thirst.

The active dog requires drink frequently during the hot day, as does also the cat; and a dish of fresh water should stand where they can have access to it. Undoubtedly many a dog is driven to madness through lack of water; and the testimony is that hydrophobia is almost unknown in those localities where dogs can drink when they wish.

Every city, village and country town should be liberally supplied with drinking fountains for animals, and they should be so constructed that even the smallest dogs can drink from them. No gift to a people confers a greater pleasure than a fountain, and that person who turns aside a stream from the field and gives a watering trough to the roadside, or provides a fountain at which man and beast can drink pure water, is truly a public benefactor.

Give the horse frequent opportunity to quench thirst at times when not too much over-heated, and before eating. To drink freely immediately after eating prevents a favorable digestion of food.

Provide shade. How instinctively we seek the shadow when the sun is pouring its hot rays on the dry and parching earth. If the pasture is not provided with shade trees, in a convenient locality set four, six or eight supports, across which place straw or grass, and thus, in a brief time and with little labor make a shade in which animals can rest from the heat of the sun, to the great comfort of themselves and benefit to their owners.

Remove the harness from the horses in the hot day whenever you desire to give them a full, free rest, and once during the day, preferably at night, a thorough currying and grooming will not only give rest, but will do about as much towards improving the animal's condition as will the oats.

Examine the harness on your working team, and you will discover that blinds, check-reins and cruppers are simply torturing contrivances, serving no useful purpose. Take them all off for the convenience of yourselves and the comfort of the horses. Keep the stable well ventilated and free from the strong ammonia, which is injurious to the eyes. Assist the animals to protect themselves against flies, feed regularly, hitch in the shade, and remember that the care which will give comfort to the lower animals will make them doubly profitable to their owners, aside from the humane bearing upon the subject.

Do not marry until you can support a wife.

*Officers of the Society.**President.*

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His Excellency the Governor and one hundred others through the State.

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The Society has about 300 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

A Dakota Judge.

Judge Francis of Valley City, Dak., is as strict about good order in the court room as Judge Gray used to be. Even a disarranged necktie is noted by his eagle eye, and the removal of a coat means removal from the court room.

Recently a bulldog marched into court and seated himself by the judge, the court remarking that the associate justice was there because of the distinguished array of counsel. A few days later the dog died, but this is what followed: While a case was being tried, the judge suspended proceedings and asked the stenographer and clerk to take down every word he was about to say. "And," added the jurist, "I do not desire that there shall be any levity in court during my remarks." He said: "The associate justice of this court is dead. Only once has he presided here, and then with becoming dignity. He fell through poison, administered by some uncharitable and lawless hand. Towser is dead, and, as he has well filled his station in life—better, perhaps, than some of those before me—it is the order of this court that an adjournment be now had, and all the officers, bar, and spectators attend the burial in a body. Mr. Sheriff, adjourn court until to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock."

Thus is Dakota learning that courts are established to honor and protect the animal creation as well as to honor law. She is ready for admission.

—Evening Record.

A Utica naturalist says that song birds in that region are fast disappearing. The wren is almost unknown, the bobolink, that formerly abounded on the Mohawk meadows, is disappearing rapidly, while bluebirds, yellow birds, orioles and even woodpeckers, highholes and crows are becoming scarce.

An experiment to test the speed of the swallow's flight has been made at Pavia, Italy. Two hen birds were taken from their broods, carried to Milan, nineteen miles distant, and there released at a given hour. Both made their way back to their nests in thirteen minutes, which gave their rate of speed at eighty-seven and a half miles an hour.

*Receipts at the Society's Offices in July.**FINES.*

From Justice's Courts.—Dedham, \$25; Wellfleet, \$10.
District Courts.—Gt. Barrington, \$5; S. Framingham, \$1c.
Police Courts.—Chelsea, (3 cases,) \$20; Lynn, (2 cases,) \$20.
Municipal Court.—Boston, [2 cases, 1 paid at jail,] \$20; Brighton District, [5 cases,] \$13.
Witness Fees.—\$5.50.
Total. \$128.50.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

A Friend, \$50; I. X., \$25; Rev. Sam May, \$10; Wm. Brewster, ro; J. O'Donnell, \$55; W. H. Cooper, \$.50; F. Downer, \$.50.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

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SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. Calvin G. Page, \$8; Mrs. S. G. Beck, \$2; Robt. Davis, \$4.50; Estate Otis Everett, \$1.50.

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Total.

\$26.00.

OTHER SUMS.

Interest, \$100; publications sold, \$9.94.

Total receipts by Secretary, \$725.19.

Thus truly saith that bright sheet the *Chelsea Record*:

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS," the little weekly paper published by the Mass. S. P. C. A., is now entering upon its nineteenth year, and is doing a noble work. Most of its matter is original, coming from voluntary contributors far and near. Its stories of animals, and, in fact, all its articles are admirable reading. Its price is only fifty cents a year. Articles for the paper and subscriptions may be sent to the editor, Goddard building, 19 Milk street, Boston.

A pet robin at Southington, Conn., is familiar with its owner's voice, and at his call will fly into his store from any of the tree tops where it may have been perched. It spends the night season in a cage.

Cases Reported at Office in July.

For beating, 24; overworking and overloading, 18; overdriving, 5; driving when lame or galled, 52; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 12; abandoning, 1; torturing, 13; driving when diseased, 8; general cruelty, 47.

Total, 180.

Disposed of as follows, viz: Remedied without prosecution, 33; warnings issued, 62; not found, 11; not substantiated, 40; anonymous, 7; prosecuted, 7; convicted, 6.

Animals taken from work, 31; horses and other animals killed, 17.

Publications Received From Kindred Societies.

Animal World. London, England.
Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.
Humane Educator. Cincinnati, Ohio.
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
Humane Record. St. Louis, Mo.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Animal's Friend. Vienna, Austria.
Rhenish-Westphalian P. A. Journal. Cologne, Germany.
Swiss P. A. Journal. Zurich, Switzerland.
Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.
Portland, Me. Annual Report for 1885-6.
Rochester, N. Y. Manual of Rochester Humane Society and Annual Reports for 1884 and 1885.
Rome, Italy. Bulletin of Roman S. P. A. (Annual Report for 1885-6.)

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage.

"Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole twelve bound together, or	\$2.00 per 100
"Care of Horses,"	.45 "
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "	
"Protection of Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.50 "	
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"Band of Mercy Information," by Geo. T. Angell,	1.00 "
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"Selections from Longfellow,"	3.00 "
"Bible Lessons for Bands of Mercy,"	.45 "
"Service of Mercy," selections from Scripture, etc.	.65 "
"Band of Mercy History," by Rev. T. Timmins,	12.50 "
Fifty-two "Band of Mercy" Songs and Hymns, book form, 2c. each.	
"Band of Mercy Register,"	8 cents.
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Active Annual, - - - - -	10.00	Branch, - - - - -	1.00

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